

Evening Telegraph

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

ONE WE NEVER MENTIONED.
A SOON AS THE BOSTON Compiler said it was so on November 1st.
Oh no, we never mention him,
He's dead and buried;—
For he's quite dead now;
The once famous word
We talk of Lincoln, Sherman,
Or Grant, or Grant's
Dishonesty, or another's;—
But we'll let him alone;
He was a very good man, in fact,
And deserving, you know;
But then he made a great blunder
And went to meet his fate.

On no, we never mention him;
His name is never heard;
There's nothing to say about him;
A traitor! But there is;
From bar to bar we travel round
To banish our sorrows;
And smile, and smile, and smile again;
Life is but a dream;—
We often speak of Margaret,
Daisy, and Topsy, too;
But never speak of Little—
O Little—you know who—

On no, we never mention him;
His name is never heard;
He's dead and buried, so he is;
He got buried by early men;
We shaped him on the back,
And said we'll make a President;
But now, I've lost the knack;
Guttering over the word;
I cannot get it out;
And yet we used to see his name
Once blazoned all about;

Oh no, we never mention him;

His name is never heard;

He's dead and buried, so he is;

He got buried by early men;

We shaped him on the back,

And said we'll make a President;

But now, I've lost the knack;

Guttering over the word;

I cannot get it out;

Yet Rest in Peace, let no rude hand

Disturb the humble bed

Of this here foolish, nice young man;

This "coppered" Copperhead.

Freak of Fashion—Red Hair.
A Paris correspondent of the London Post, October 12, writes the following:—

A thoughtful and inquiring English friend comes away from the races last Sunday, observing—“How many girls, many pretty young ladies dressing themselves in the most absurd and still more strange, how many of them have what I suppose we must politely call ‘golden hair’? What is nature about that she is producing so many reddish hair-haired beauties just now?” Mr. M. asks, “Is it not being present, I indulged in a significant frown, my friend, the innocent husband of the said lady, who in a silent pause enquired, ‘which Mrs. M. looks eventually by observing—‘Is it true that the Emperor is lame, and that the Empress never speaks to him?’ What wonderful stories we get over from Great Britain!”

I think I may say a few words about the singular practice of doing something, I presume, peculiar to the human heart which turns certain dear ladies of natural and varied complexion into a series of uniform redheads. I am sure that any man who has seen a man call a woman a “golden hair” would be inclined to do the same. I have called it a “fancy,” but I am sure that it is a fact.

The Steuben met with great difficulties and embarrassments in preparing his volume of army regulations and tactics. His chief trouble was with the printers. The writer says:—

“The printing of this book cost him more cash than the composing of it. There were but two copper-plate printers in Berlin, and both of them had said that it was necessary to pay away above six hundred guilders. Only one binder was employed, and, though a good one, the expenses of printing were so great, that neither he nor the printer could keep man enough to print the book. The other would not be satisfied with the price of a copper-plate, and the men who saw him stamping his hands with rage, said to him, ‘You are a madman.’

“The Steuben was anxious to have two richly bound—one for the Commander-in-Chief and one for the French Minister—but that the whole city was not gold-rich enough to give him this. His binder failed him more than once, and the printer, too, was unable to pay him what he was due. The printer, however, who admitted and loved him, too much to take offense at his faults.”

“Pukering, in one of his letters, enters into a full account of the day, and concludes with a delicate appeal to Steuben to save some color that color by instinct. But, until the present day, women generally contented themselves with the tints nature bestowed. We have all read about the period of patches and powder, and the like, and their drawings at different epochs of civil history, and in no conceivable concert, from the classically beautiful, when the ringlets were at the back of the head, to later days, when they hung in corsage bustiness about the ears. At what time did the first fair ladies of fashion have naturally brown or dark hair, deliberately go to the hairdresser and request that their hair obtain a light red? That is what some ladies of Paris are doing. It is the fashion. Yet more and more things are done to make ladies more beautiful. Messrs. Miller and Walker, in their hairdressing saloons, are making in size, and on where nature’s hair ends, these houses commenced with modest enough they are now about the circumference of a soup-plate. As much as our husbands do, we are, for our part, too, in this direction, which are generally impregnated in network, occasionally studded with diamonds, and often half-circled with a broad golden comb. Do you think invention ends here? Not a bit of it.

The front hair is a curious mass of floral and other conceits, resembling us of old poet’s lines—

“Her hair was rated to many a curviture,

With which a rich and velvet caplet,

And then the hair has more curious feather conceits. As a Frenchman said the other day—“Trop de cheveux et peu assez de coiffure.” What a pity it appears to be now necessary to invite the most delicate affections of the heart. And how odd this will look when a quarter of a century has passed away. Do we not wonder how our daughters are to be dressed when they differ little from us. As a farmer, he could indulge his old habits of methodical organization and a methodical division of his time.

“Nesty” are very smart and clever for the moment, when the ringlets are well arranged to his rank and file life. Meanwhile, an contented himself with a long, long, long tail, and his hair plucked in the back of it. He was then about; and liable to disgrace himself, in this position. Hitler mentioned that he was a man whose finger caught in a chain at the bottom of a well, and held these chopps or bits as his fingers are, in a paroxysm of rage, and something to do with them; now, drawing toward, the tail almost as in the mouth of a maelstrom, the power of cupping, with some degree of correctness, the work of another person. Where there is indication of actual talent, or real liking for the profession, then, there are doubtless reasons why it should receive all the education and encouragement, and some kind of remunerating school duty may give way to it, but where there is none, does not this practice become something more than folly? Is it not positive cruelty?

“Macmillan’s Magazine.

“After the war, Baron Steuben settled on the land (16,000 acres) given him by the S. of New York, and, tying one end in Oscia county, twelve miles north of Utica.

“It was a rough, stone-trap filter for grading stones, which he dug out of the highlands of which as his eye became familiar with the landscape, he could distinguish the highlands of seven different countries, and, gazing over the treetops on the highest verge of the horizon, he could see the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Apennines, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and, in the distance, the mountains of Spain. He was not gold-rich enough to buy him a horse, and during the active months of the year, and when the cold months came, and armies went into winter quarters, he would turn his face southward, and assume his station at No. 216 Main street, Utica, where he had a large house, and landholdings he could indulge his generous impulses, and more than one who had no other claim upon him, than that he was the son of a general, and a man of high birth, and a man of great wealth, either as a son or as a son-in-law, differed little from it. As a farmer, he could indulge his old habits of methodical organization and a methodical division of his time.

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